

# CONTACTS

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for distribution to the Co-workers of the Organization.

*Editor: FRANCES DOUGLAS*

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## SWAN SONG

BY MONSIEUR "EX" [M. S.]

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SOMEHOW or another we fail to get any spiritual comfort out of the circumstances that this is possibly the last opportunity we will have of spreading ourselves over this editorial page.

We were present at the distinctly informal gathering at which the idea of a House Magazine was first presented—we were subsequently privileged to act as official nurse when *Contacts* was eventually born—and have since that time seen it grow to a husky youngster enjoying the good wishes of its readers more thoroughly with every issue that appears. And it is virtually impossible to live that close to anything at such an important period without feeling genuinely disturbed when the connection is eventually broken. In all sincerity, we are heartily sorry that we are forced to vacate the Editorial squatting place.

However, we do find comfort in the knowledge that at least we are leaving our "youngster" in eminently capable hands. The present Editor has contributed brightly to these columns often ere this. And while we wouldn't care to have this get around, we have always privately felt that her "stuff" was a dern sight brighter and more readable than our own. However, we may be prejudiced! . . . But certainly we can commend our readers to her kindly ministrations with complete confidence in their (and her own) entire satisfaction with the arrangement.

Will you both accept our final blessing!





## 'CROSS SECTIONS

*We!*

Hay-foot, straw-foot in his martial way, Mr. Sinclair marched to the Mail Order Advertising one sunny Autumn day, and *Contacts* lost its guiding hand.

Time passed. And then, straw-foot, hay-foot from his lair, paced Mr. Rowlin. He hoisted his spectacles, with a familiar, ominous gesture of his, high on his forehead. The Advertising knew Something was going to happen, and it looked like Trouble. Necks craned as he paused beside a desk.

"You!" he addressed a copywriter. The others sighed in relief.

"W-what h-have I d-done n-now?" quavered the culprit.

"Plenty," was the terse reply. "But we won't go into that today. Just remember, please, that you can't use 'I' around here any more. Say 'us' or 'we'. You're an Editor now!"

Thus we were appointed, and so we converse in the manner of twins, editors, royalty and Lindbergh. But for all the "we's" upon these pages there is, alas, only one of us, who, having seen the many activities that are Eaton's, is lost in wonder. Paris frocks are unpacked—sparks beaten from red-hot horseshoes—huge printing presses set a-whirr—giant fly-wheels spun—chocolates hand-dipped meticulously, one by one—is there any end to the list? Each day shows us something new and interesting—somebody to meet, perhaps, or a department we hadn't known about before. If any of our bewilderment at it all has crept

into this, our first issue of *Contacts*, please forgive us. We still are rather overwhelmed.

### *The House Flag's Flying!*

There's a mad scramble at eleven-thirty these mornings, as anxious Eatonians flock to see which is Department of The Day in our Fall Store Competition.

As we go to press, Mr. Fry's *Broilers*, Mr. Carpenter's *Builders*, Mr. St. John's *Saints*, Mr. Young's *Youngsters*, and Mr. Glennie's *Gleaners* (just *who* worked out those names?) are staging a gigantic struggle. The trophy—a bright silk flag in the Store colors—is awarded daily for the best department in the winning team, on the basis of increased volume, percentage and high-grade merchandise sold. (We're putting all this in for readers not in the Portage Avenue Store.) A smaller silk flag also is awarded daily to the winning team captain. There is an inter-group competition, too, each department competing weekly against others in its own group. Increased sales over a department's quota is the only factor, and those with the best increase move to the top of their group. At the end of each week, prize awards are made as follows:

*Department with the largest increase in quota—three best sales people,*  
\$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00.



# CONTACTS

*Department with the second largest increase in quota—three best sales people, \$7.50, \$5.00 and \$3.00.*

*Department with the third largest increase in quota—three best sales people, \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00.*

In addition, there is weekly distribution throughout the Store of fifty or more prizes of \$2.00 each to sales persons making the best records in sales percentages. Is it any wonder that the Store hums with activity?

"Batter Times," that triumph of journalism, is no longer with us. In its place we rejoice over "The House Flag," hot from the pen of that human paradox, 136's "Less" Mutch; and bit by bit the Store's conversation has become infected by its breezy jargon. Mr. St. John is "Bucky" once more—Mr. Carpenter "Big Train—Mr. Fry the "Fordham Flash"—Mr. Young "Gabby." And picture the embarrassment of a gal who inadvertently addressed Mr. Glennie as "Mule"!

## Eaton Shokai

Mr. L. B. Stiles, of our Japanese Buying Offices, is responsible for that title. He visited the Store last month on his way to the Orient, and, up among the Western Buying's cargoes of cedarwood, sandalwood and neat white twine, gave us notes on the Land of Flowers' language. *Eaton Shokai* means *Eaton Company Limited*, and *shoten* is store. The tongue seems difficult, but, to judge from a letter Mr. Stiles showed us, English as the Japanese write it is almost as bad. This was written by an employee who had been away from work three days:

*Dear Sir:—I have been destroyed by severe tonsillitis, three sides both and upper; therefore I have not enough strength to make business talk with you. Please tell my poor condition to everybody. Enclosed find doctor's certificate.*

And here's the certificate:

*I have inspected the body of Mr. Okasaki, and find his throat no good. It takes one week, so please forget one week he never come again.*

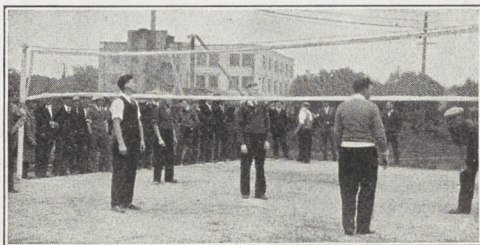
A Jap boy was called to explain matters, and said it merely meant that Mr. Okasaki, unless he stayed away for a week, would die and never come again. So Mr. Stiles, in the interests of humanity, forgot all about it.

As we write, he is on his way to Eaton Offices in Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai and Hong-Kong. Don't they sound interesting? *Contacts* has been promised some pictures from those glamorous spots—and, depend on it, Mr. Stiles is not going to be allowed to forget about *that*.

## Bessborough and the Baby Beef

His Excellency the Governor General was taken round one of our local abattoirs on his recent visit to the city. The authorities naturally wanted him to see the best they had—and what do you think they showed him? A shipment of our very own Diamond & Baby Beef, no less, all ready for 230's cases. A very neat compliment to Mr. Guest!

*A view of some of the 1203 boys out on their volley ball court. There's more about this on page thirteen.*





## What Price Glory?

Our pride received a terrific blow the other day. The Advertising Department, as you probably know, forever is calling merchandise departments to please, puleeze come and collect goods they have sent to the Eighth Floor for sketching. Mr. Sinclair, *Contacts'* late Editor, persuaded one of the Voices-With-A-Smile that do such requesting to spread the news of our last issue's arrival in the Store, and a Third Floor Department was telephoned first.

"Your *Contacts* are waiting for you in the Advertising," he announced. "Will you please send for them?"

No joyous exclamations from the other end of the wire. Just silence—then a feminine voice lilted forth:

"You must have the wrong department," she said. "Try Jewelry or Drugs, please. We don't stock compacts here."

## Questionnaire

How well do you know your Store locations—and where would you send customers enquiring for merchandise such as we've listed below? The questions are presented with a bow to the R. H. Macy magazine, "Sparks," which tried a similar collection on its readers.

- Fish Food.
- Glass Flowers.
- Wolf Cub Equipment.
- Sweeping Compound.
- Dressing-gown Cords.
- Girl Guide Equipment.
- Beeswax.
- Stamps for Stamp Collections.

In case of doubt, answers are given on page 24. Tall Mr. Le Montais, of Department 144, we might add, is practically impossible to baffle in such matters. He has been answering Store location questions correctly for years, though the whereabouts of those boxy vapor baths once puzzled him. You order them through the Notions, he says.

## Champ, Champ, Champ

We've been reading about a villain—the real "foiled again, ha, ha" kind with gnashing teeth (you'll understand later why those teeth are a certainty). His name was Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, and one of his lesser villainies consisted in leading an overwhelming Mexican army against the Texan Alamo in 1836 (we're giving you dates and everything). There, fighting to the last man, perished the Texan frontiersmen, and "Remember the Alamo" rang through the state for years. The battle cry of a much greater villainy, however, still resounds through the world with many a squoosh and crack, for he caused the invention of chewing gum.

When he died in exile on Staten Island he left a big hunk of chicle in his desk—just a forerunner of the hunks one finds all over the place nowadays. It came into the hands of one Thomas Adams, who tried, among other things, to make a setting for false teeth from it. He was unsuccessful, and suddenly remembered that Santa Anna had chewed the stuff. So he boiled it, rolled it out with his wife's rolling-pin (long-suffering woman!), sent it to a candy store. And see what he started! Statisticians compute the United States average consumption, or rather chaw, to have been 100 sticks per person in 1930.

Gum enthusiasts will be relieved to learn that there are neither old over-shoes nor glue in their favorite confection. Don't chew in an effort to avoid candy and reduce, though. Almost half its weight is sugar.

And now for a bitter blow. We chew gum, Dr. John B. Watson says, because we like the motion, not because it helps our digestion, teeth or complexion or soothes our nerves, as we've been telling ourselves. And he ought to know, for he is an eminent behaviorist—one of those men who spend their lives studying What People Do and Why They Do It. He calls gum an "adult pacifier"—a form of relaxation.



And he puts it on the same level as biting fingernails. Well, nobody ever dislocated a jaw doing *that*.

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## City Slicker

The morning was cold and wet and gusty—one of those days when everybody is in a hurry, cars toot peevishly at pedestrians or each other, and the Mail Order corner of Donald and Graham is well nigh impossible to cross. Trembling at the thought of what Mr. Tease of the Time Office would say if many minutes were lost, we took our life in our hands, plunging among the traffic. There we leapt agilely from point to point, fenders missing us by millimetres. It was a superb example of truck-and-taxi-dodging, and throughout the performance a small figure stayed close behind us. On reaching the curb, we took a look and saw a sweet little old lady, smiling apologetically.

"I hope you'll excuse me for tagging after you," she said. "I'm from the country, you know, and these streets always frighten me. You looked as if you knew the city pretty well, so I just followed you across. It makes me feel so much safer. Thank you!"

We stared at her aghast as she went serenely on her way, complete with shopping bag. But—"You looked as if you knew the city pretty well"—we rather liked that!

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## Pretty Please...

Every day we peer hopefully into our little contribution boxes and usually are greeted with hungry space. Occasionally we find "Departmental Ditties" there—and still more occasionally somebody sends us a juicy, cryptic bit of news with no signature attached. Now your editor positively yearns for contributions—will use as many as possible—be glad to explain why others aren't used—will withhold authors' names if requested—but must have someone to vouch for every line of *Contacts* that's printed.

And, while we're on the subject—has anybody any nice clear snapshots of store personalities, views, holiday parties or anything else of interest? All contributions thankfully received!

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## Practical Suggestions Wanted!

Pity poor Mr. Scrivener! Here he has a neat little box waiting for suggestions, real cash money waiting for people who make the kind he wants, and hardly anybody making them!

So, just in case some bright Eatons would like extra dollars for their Christmas shopping (and it isn't a bit too early to think of that—212 has its Christmas card section open right now), we are calling attention to an easy way of earning them.

1. The suggestion must be a *practical* one—a way to increase sales, decrease expenses, or improve service.

2. It must be *simple*—not an elaborate plan requiring endless expenditure and equipment, nor the changing of rules that have proved their worth.

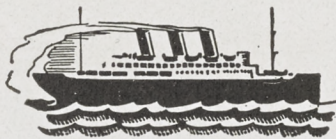
Think about your own job. Everybody can and should do that. You are the person to notice small ways of improving the way it's done; and if you figure out a way to do it more efficiently without upsetting the department or altering rules, there's money in your pocket. First of all, make sure that it's a *new* idea—then write it out neatly and slip it in the box. All the notes are read and acknowledged: but remember (and now we're paraphrasing a sign writ large and fair in the City Advertising)—Make it *simple*, make it *plain*, if you want to make it pay!

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## We Announce Apologetically

That there has been no October issue of *Contacts* on account of its recent change of management. Instead, we are publishing our November number at the end of October—just like all the other high-class magazines.





## "Something About Germany . . ."

When Mr. L. Meyrick, of the Berlin Office, paid the Store one of his rare visits recently, he was tremendously busy from the first minute to the last, but found one or two seconds for *Contacts'* readers.

"Please tell us something about Germany," we asked, knowing that he could speak with authority on the subject. (He has been in the Berlin Office since 1907, and was interned in the country for the war's duration.)

"That is a very large order," he smiled. "What, specifically, shall I talk about—recent changes?"

"Splendid!" we said, opening a notebook. But just then a tornado, consisting of Messrs. Carpenter, Agnew and Hubbs, entered the room and we were swept aside.

"Tell us!" we cried, growing very specific en route to the door—"Are the ladies still plump and pre-war, or have they all become lovely Marlene Dietrichs?"

"Heavens!" blushed Mr. Meyrick, "I'm sure I haven't noticed." (Shouts of "boo!" from the tornado.)

But, next day, he sent us a manuscript, and here it is—"Something About Germany"—written specially for *Contacts*, and very interesting, too!

There are many of our Canadian friends who have not had the good fortune to visit Central Europe, and must therefore rely on the press for information from this part of the hemisphere.

Germany as a Republic has changed entirely from pre-war days when the military power was supreme. Nowadays, one notices a distinct lack of military uniforms on the street—even the police are dressed in more subdued fashion, although they are armed to the teeth with instruments of torture, such as truncheons, bayonets, revolvers, which are used freely in times of necessity.

The young generation which has grown up since the war and is burdened with taxation resents paying for any foolish acts and expenses incurred by its fathers, and the majority has joined the ranks of the party under the leadership of Hitler, with headquarters in Munich.

This would-be Mussolini has a following of 15 million out of a population of 64 million, and is the only political party in Germany which is allowed to have a special uniform.

In June last, a meeting took place at Templehofelfelde on the outskirts of Berlin, the former military training ground, where they marched in review past Herr Hitler and two of the former Crown Princes of Germany.

From this one might gather that Germany is heading to revive the Monarchy, but there are still many German subjects who took part in the great European war and know of its horrors and are not anxious to support any political party with militaristic tendencies.

Germany is practically governed by a dictator, Herr von Papen, who maintains a strong hand, which is essential at the present time owing to Communist trouble spreading fast throughout the country, the main cause of which is unemployment.

In spite of the political troubles existing in Germany, very large sums of money have been spent in erecting stadiums in the majority of the large cities in order to encourage the rising generation to take up sports in place of the military training, and one can only surmise by the activity in this direction that Germany, in the near future, will rank as one of the leading countries for sports.

Berlin, the capital, is a well laid out city, kept exceptionally clean. Numerous cafes, elaborately decorated with lighting effects have recently been opened in the West End, giving the streets a Continental atmosphere. They are well patronized, especially week-ends, when it is difficult to find a seat unoccupied.

Before finishing, I would like to mention a little about the feminine sex. Prior to the war the German women were exceptionally robust, wore low-heeled shoes and dressed abominably; but today in the West End of Berlin one sees mostly slim and well-built people who will rank for dress and appearance with those of any capital in Europe.



## What is This Thing Called "Sanforizing"?

BY LES CLEVE, 214

*Are you keeping up with the times? Here's an invention that was patented only in 1929, yet at least half the shirts made in Canada now feature it. A large eastern textile house, furthermore, is planning to put most of its cottons through the process.*

Sanforizing is a scientific process of controlled shrinkage, used in the cotton industry. The name is taken from that of its inventor, Sanford L. Cluett, vice-president of Cluett, Peabody and Company, of Troy, N.Y. Mr. Cluett has several other inventions to his credit, one of special interest to Winnipegegers being the valves for St. Andrew's Locks on the Red River.

For years manufacturers of cotton-merchandise have desired a method of shrinking finished fabrics so that garments, after laundering, will remain the same in length and width as before.

The reasons why they shrink are, briefly, as follows:

1. Practically all cotton textiles are woven under tension.
2. For bleaching and filling the cotton webs are sewn together and put through the open bleach process in lengths of about eleven miles. They are pulled every time they are taken from one part of the machine to another. This pulling tends to stretch the warp and narrow the goods; and although attempts to pull the fabric out in width are made during the finishing process, this is done under tension. The result is that most cotton fabrics are elongated during the bleaching and finishing; and after being manufactured into garments, shrink when laundered. (As an illustration, the same thing happens to the family rope clothesline. It becomes slack under the weight of the washing, but tightens up or "shrinks" after a rain.)

Sanforizing pre-determines, by rigorous laundry tests made on a sample, the maximum amount of shrinkage in length and width of a fabric. The machine is then set to provide this, the actual percent of "take-up" in the

warp ends controlled to a fraction of an inch, calculated in terms of the finished article. Electric guides feed the fabric accurately to the cloth holders of the machine, and it is automatically rippled to provide for length shrinkage. A "tentering" machine pins the ripples in place; that is why one finds rows of tiny pin-pricks in the selvage of sanforized materials. Steam is blown through it. The fabric shrinks, flattens, goes into the drying chamber and emerges accurately shrunk in length. The cross threads are again softened by steam and the cloth now shrinks in width. Then it goes into the finishing machine. A prime feature of the sanforized fabric is that the *mesh* of its weave is adjusted by mechanical action instead of swelling the *yarns* through absorption of water. This retains finish and lustre given the goods in dyeing or bleaching. Moisture and heat are incidental in the sanforizing process, whereas water, in ordinary pre-shrinking, is the prime agent in producing the result.

The operation is so exact that manufacturers of garments made from sanforized materials can guarantee that the size will remain the same after being laundered.

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### STAR TURN FROM THE MAIL ORDER

It's a real letter—honestly!

*"I am returning to you this Mouse Trap, so called. Have tried it out for four years; but Mouse have come and Mouse have gone and ne'er a one have ever been caught in it, so I will nay have it round."*



## This is The Season of Sneezing!

*Did you have a cold last year? A-ha, we thought so! Most of us do, and plenty of those sneezles and wheezles can be prevented. Here, through the courtesy of the Provincial Department of Health and Public Welfare, Division of Disease Prevention, is some interesting and important information on the subject.*

### THE COMMON COLD

There are two kinds of common colds—the cold that you catch from other people, and the cold that you develop even though no one around you has a cold.

A cold is caused by disease germs.

The disease germ which causes you to catch cold may enter your nose and throat passages from the air when an infected person talks, coughs or sneezes. You may catch cold by using an unwashed glass, spoon or fork which has just been used by someone with a cold. The germs may be on your hands because you have touched something which has been handled by the person with a cold. Washing the hands before eating, or before touching the face will help to prevent infection.

People who take cold without "catching" it from other people are most often those who have poor circulation or some local infection in the nose and throat. There are always germs in the nose and throat. Most of them are made harmless by substances in the blood. However, certain germs are so strong or so numerous that these substances cannot destroy them. There are times, too, when the body is unable to manufacture these protecting substances. The body is retarded in producing these substances by:

1. Improper ventilation—plenty of fresh air is required both day and night.
2. Chilling—especially through wet and cold feet, being dressed too lightly, and also from exposure.
3. Loss of sleep. Plenty of sleep is Nature's great restorer. Sleep restores vitality.
4. Eating unsuitable foods which invite indigestion or constipation.
5. Under-feeding, which makes a poorly nourished and weak body.
6. Overwork, either physical or mental. A physically exhausted, "worn-

out" body is not ready to fight infection.

7. Adenoids and enlarged tonsils are nests for germs.

### HOW TO PREVENT THE "COMMON COLD"

The prevention of colds depends largely on those who have colds, though all should endeavor to avoid having colds. A person who has a cold must see that he does not pass it on to others in the discharges from his nose and throat.

Cover the mouth and nose when coughing or sneezing.

Do not kiss anybody while you have a cold.

Always wash your hands before touching anyone, especially a baby.

Remember that the "common cold" is the most prevalent communicable disease. It is a preventable disease that causes an enormous waste of time and expenditure; and, worst of all, it is the forerunner of other serious illnesses.

Keep FIT.

*Keep away from the careless cougher and sneezer. Colds are spread by the careless cougher and sneezer.*





## Give Ourselves a Pat on the Back . . .

Winnipeg, after all these years of planning, deferring, replanning and pushing, has an Auditorium at last. The fences are gone, workmen and horses have vanished, and the building is revealed in aloof white beauty—modern in its touches of sea blue and sparkling copper screen—a serene place of history and art.

Inside, during the week following its opening, all was not serene. The huge hall burgeoned with lavish displays of Manitoba's many industries, seethed with an admiring public, thronging to view. Wheels purred, demonstrators explained, mannequins paraded, music played—urchins went in droves to pat the *Golden Arrow's* shining snout—and, calm in the midst of all that excitement, stood our own display, serene and modern as the building itself.

The background was dull black, banded with mirror-like metal, dominated by three pale-tinted panels, where fantastic fantails swam in light shining from behind the set. In the foreground, fine linens, china, silver and glass on magnificent tables combined in a variety of settings, and models in fashionable gowns showed what to wear on each occasion. Among them, and equally smart, moved Mrs. Ballard of 211 and Katharine Middleton of 224, putting the waxen ladies to shame with their very vivacity and interest. They answered endless questions (Mrs. Ballard answers them in French, too)—assured onlookers that the fruit and chrysanthemums were *not* artificial—and even made a few sales.

To Mr. Keeler of the Display and his merry men we award bouquets, bouquets and a couple of boutonnieres. And Herman Carson, who is responsible for the three panels, deserves a mile of garland all to himself. He sprayed

those designs into being—did it with dye in an airbrush and without any guiding lines.

*Contacts* retails, with smug satisfaction, the remarks of two ladies. . . . "Isn't it lovely?" said one. . . "Perfect, my dear," replied the other. . . "Trust Eaton's!"

Next month, if we can find one, we hope to have a picture for our readers. But, in the meantime, if the display is open as you peruse this and you haven't seen it, put on your hat and rush right down—it's something you shouldn't miss!



### LET'S GO THEATRICAL!

A limited number of Eatonians interested in the following Little Theatre activities will be assisted in taking out membership if they leave their names at the Time Office:

Acting.  
Sewing (costumes).  
Lighting.  
Carpentering and Painting (sets).  
Ushering.

Please note that number is *limited*—better hurry down with your application, if it isn't in yet!

Membership includes admission to each Little Theatre play produced this season, and the theatre, in addition, has offered to co-operate in the production of several one-act or one three-act play of our own. There will be no "stars," no cliques, and no small group running things exclusively to its own liking. Casting will be done only after try-outs have been made. In fact, it sounds as if an Eaton Dramatic Society were on its way. And that means plenty of fun this winter. Let's go!



# CONTACTS

THE  
**EATON LADIES SWIMMING CLUB**  
LIFE SAVING CLASS



MARTHA HOIPO



ELLEN DEASON



JEAN DUFFIELD



NORA HARDING



MAY WALLBANK



MYRTLE MCKELVEY



GRACE WHITE



GRACE FOX



PATRICIA SCOTT



HILDA TUSTIN  
AWARD OF MERIT



MABEL ROBERTS



## SWIMMING AWARDS PRESENTED

Almost our last official act in the interests of this high-minded journal was to "cover" the presentation of awards to the Eaton Ladies' Swimming Club Life-Saving Class on the evening of September 21st. The reader will readily understand, if he glances above, that we found this assignment very much to our liking, and we spent a most enjoyable evening.



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The presentation, which took place at the Y.W.C.A., was presided over by Mrs. Tustin, president of the Eaton Ladies' Swimming Club, and largely attended. Mr. John David Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Scrivener, Mr. Foster Johnson, and *Contacts* were royally received guests.

A feature of the evening was a showing of motion pictures of the Wrigley swim at Grand Beach this Summer, together with exhibitions of swimming and diving by various natatory bright lights of the city and district. The run proved immensely entertaining and instructive to those present.

Following the movies, Mrs. Tustin called upon Mrs. Scrivener to present the diplomas and medals won by the Eaton mermaids. Enthusiastic applause was awarded each member as she came to take her diploma—and a special ovation was given Miss Hilda Tustin for winning the Life Saving Society Award of Merit—the second highest award which the Society grants, and requiring a degree of proficiency in the water which to our land-loving mind seems almost superhuman—24 lengths of the tank, fully clothed, is only *one* of the several requirements!

The presentations over, Mrs. Scrivener spoke to the club and class, complimenting them on their splendid showing and referring graciously to the splendid part played by Mrs. Tustin in their success. Mr. Scrivener also spoke, referring to the definite tangible benefits derived from learning to swim, and to save life, as opposed to other sports and pastimes which pay dividends of pleasure only.

The meeting then adjourned to the Reception Room where a delicious luncheon was served, Mr. John David's adroit plate-passing technique winning universal acclaim. —M.S.

## Eaton Girls' Basketball League

The annual meeting of this league was held on Monday, Sept. 19th, at 8 p.m., in the Employees' Club Rooms.

Mr. Wm. N. Clay, Dept. 143; Mr. A. P. Cameron, Dept. 1224, and Miss

R. A. Hollins, Dept. 100, were returned to office as president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, respectively. Mr. J. Carnegie, Dept. 245, who has been referee for the last two seasons, replaces Mr. L. Ringrose, leaving one seat vacant, which the executive has the power to fill at a later date.

The league this year will consist of four teams, as follows:

The Summerettes, formerly Imps, manager, G. Bewick, Dept. 147.

The Ramblers, formerly Summerettes, manager, N. Johnson, Dept. 220.

The Rogues, formerly Aces, manager not yet appointed.

The Orioles are newcomers, manager, A. Black, Dept. 129.

The teams are well-balanced and boast some good players. Training started on October 3rd, 1932, and games will be played every Monday night at the Y.W.C.A., starting at 8.30 p.m.

The schedule opens on Monday, Nov. 7th, 1932. We hope this new season will be a banner one, and provide us with a strong team to represent us in the provincial playdowns next spring. There will be a period on the floor each Monday for two teams of beginners to come out and learn the game. A coach will be on hand to give advice, and any girls wishing to have such training and instruction should notify the secretary-treasurer, who will arrange to accommodate them.

The schedule follows:

### FIRST SERIES

- Nov. 7, 8.30 p.m.—Rogues vs. Ramblers.  
9.15 p.m.—Orioles vs. Summerettes.
- Nov. 14, 8.30 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Orioles.  
9.15 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Rogues.
- Nov. 21, 8.30 p.m.—Rogues vs. Orioles.  
9.15 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Ramblers.
- Nov. 28, 8.30 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Orioles.  
9.15 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Rogues.
- Dec. 5, 8.30 p.m.—Rogues vs. Summerettes.  
9.15 p.m.—Orioles vs. Ramblers.
- Dec. 12, 8.30 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Summerettes.  
9.15 p.m.—Orioles vs. Rogues.
- Dec. 19, 8.30 p.m.—Rogues vs. Ramblers.  
9.15 p.m.—Orioles vs. Summerettes.
- Dec. 22—Open date. Sudden death play-offs if necessary.

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)



# CONTACTS



## EATON PRINTERS' BASEBALL TEAM *Champions of "B" Division, 1932*

*Back Row, left to right*—E. R. Tennant, president; M. Ringland, catcher; H. Sinclair, first base; A. Ferguson, manager; F. Cam, left field; W. D. McLaren, vice-president.  
*Middle Row*—Phil Heiland, centre field; G. Matthews, right field; W. Miller, short stop; E. Trudeau, third base.  
*Front Row*—W. Montford, pitcher; H. Chatterson, second base; J. Anderson, catcher; F. Cameron, short stop; B. Moody, pitcher; W. Boutillier, right field.

## *The Printers' Softball Team*

"Chief" Joe Sinclair, first base. One of the team's many veterans. Gets stronger every year. With the team 13 years.

"What-a-Man" Chatterson, second base. Also with the team 13 years. Speedy base-runner and team's hardest hitter. Steals anything from a base to a coal wagon. The fair sex's ideal.

"Frenchy" Trudeau, third base. Hard-hitting, fast-moving infielder. Can swear in two languages.

"Flash" Cameron, short stop. Learned his baseball on the braes of Scotland. Covers a lot of ground (with his feet).

"Heinie" Heiland. A sure catch and one of the leading hitters of the team. Thirteen-year veteran.

"Sparrow" Cam, left field. The only thing he drops is his H's.

"Hill Billy" Ringland, centre field. What he wraps his "hams" around is cured.

"Deacon" Boutillier, right field. A crafty hitter and a fast base-runner.

"Dusty" Miller, fielder. Plays a sound game in the outfield and sneaks the odd hit.

"Dearie" Matthews, fielder. An asset to the team and there with the goods.

"Muggsey" Montford, pitcher and short stop. A good lead-off man and sure run-getter. A 13-year man.

"Barney" Moody, pitcher. Our most consistent winner. A tower of strength with either bat or ball. Baby of the team.

"Shenanigan" Anderson, catcher. The backbone of the team. A good hitter and catcher "de luxe." Also a veteran.

"Whuskey" Ferguson, manager. "Nuff sed." Uses his old bean and sets the boys working. Thirteen years with team. Pitched opening game.

## *"Printers" Baseballers' Picnic*

One Friday afternoon recently the Printers, winners of B Division of the Eaton Softball League, betook themselves to the Toilers' camp, the Summer home of Waddie Ferguson, and disported themselves in a manner fitting the champs of the "Has-Been League." After the annual swim a game of volley ball was played, then a golf driving competition. "Hill Billy" Ringland, the owner of Western Canada's biggest slice, won this event.



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Then came the most interesting function! Whuskey Ferguson catered to twenty-four hungry inkslingers and their guests. Copious quantities of buttered "ornkay" and other foods were served. In this particular sport "Flash" Cameron was winner by at least five cobs. A sing-song followed with "Shenanigan" Anderson leader, with solos by "Dusty" Miller, "Father" Jones and "Cast" Irons. "Chief" Joe Sinclair astonished the boys with his famous tap dance.

Among the guests present were Foster Johnson, George Allan and Len Ringrose.

A vote of thanks to Waddie Ferguson, and "Auld Lang Syne" ended a most enjoyable evening.

## Volley Ball

Volley ball is one of the principal recreations at 1203 Dept., Printing Plant, Alexander Avenue. The season started April 26th and ends October 31st.

The first series was won by Rotos after a hard play-off battle with the Bindery. Line-ups as follows:

Rotos—Fellowes, Lawrence, Cameron, Jones, Heiland, Brittain, Anderson, D. Emmonds.

Bindery—Buchanan, Chatterson, Murray, Moody, Thomas, Farquhar, Waghorn, Sugden.

The second series is well under way and all six teams are tied. "Dusty" Miller, who is reported to be the best referee in Manitoba, bar none, being Scotch, handles the games very strict and close.

There are also four teams in the International series—Scotland, England, Canada and All Nations.

## Printers' Golf Tournament

The tenth annual tournament of the Printing Dept. (1203) was held over the Elmhurst Golf Course on Saturday, Sept. 17th. Between thirty and forty members of the department's golfing enthusiasts participated in this now "Ancient Annual Skirmish." The weather was ideal and everybody enjoyed the morning's golf and scenic beauties of the course.

Dave Arnott again demonstrated his par shooting ability by a well-played 72 to take premier honors. One of the department's youngest golfers, Charlie "Whitcombe" Peters, came through in wonderful style to take second position. Charlie says he didn't notice any bunkers around there at all.

The prize winners were as follows: D. N. Arnott, Charlie Peters, D. J. Lawson, L. A. Wimble, W. Montford, and Tommy "Armour" Jones. For those with a handicap of 32 or over, Pete Heiland proved the star performer.

A prize for those who have never been successful in any of our previous tournaments was also given this year. Our genial pressroom foreman, A. Hook, at last came through to "clean up" this one.

To prove that the Heiland family's golfing ability was no mere flash in the pan, Brother Phil, with a nifty "par" 12 on the beautiful 12th, took the hidden hole. Those "Heiland laddies" evidently know their niblicks.

## Volley Ball Experts from 1203

From Left to Right—G. Grant, M. Ringland, G. Lawrence, J. Julius, C. Jenner, W. Montford, A. Wilson, E. Greer, P. Heiland, S. Norton, H. Sinclair, W. Boutillier.





## Eaton Golf Club

*Golfers! Stop—Look—Listen!*

The annual banquet and presentation of prizes will be held at Columbus Hall, November 2nd, at 7 p.m. Department 229 ("Wop" Laing's outfit) will serve the dinner, and what a dinner it promises to be!

So much for that opening announcement. We know you will be there, because dinner is not the only thing, as an orchestra will dispense sweet music during dinner and afterwards will lead the gang in a good old sing-song, with individual numbers by members of the golfing fraternity, including a double duet by Messrs. T. French, J. Mitten and company. (Note: Better memorize the words of "Way Up Yonder in the Frozen North".) Then we will have several novelties for the benefit of the general public, and last but not least, the presentation of prizes, with the following receiving the palm for their prowess in the field:

- R. Y. Eaton Cup and Prize—D. Arnott.
- H. M. Tucker Cup and Prize—R. H. Holmes.
- B. C. Scrivener Cup and Prize—G. Graham.
- S. Wilson Cup and Prize—G. Holmes.
- Dailley Cup and Prize—J. Palmer and Son.
- Second Net "A" Class—Won by H. Stub.
- Low Gross "A"—Won by G. Leslie.
- Second Low Gross "A"—Won by W. B. Pickard.
- Second Net "B" Class—Won by P. Stewart.
- Low Gross "B"—Won by G. Hubbs.
- Second Low Gross "B"—Won by J. J. Johnstone.
- Second Net "C"—Won by L. E. Summers.
- Low Gross "C"—Won by T. Donaldson.
- Second Low Gross "C"—Won by H. Driver.
- Runner-up, "A" Class (S. Wilson Cup)—W. Milner.
- Winner, "B" Class (S. Wilson Cup)—F. Fenwick.
- Runner-up, "B" Class (S. Wilson Cup)—S. Mathias.
- Winner, "C" Class (S. Wilson Cup)—R. Hutton.
- Runner-up, "C" Class (S. Wilson Cup)—L. E. Summers.
- Winner, "A" Consolation—E. Dundas.
- Winner, "B" Consolation—A. Clay.
- Winner, "C" Consolation—H. Benson.
- Runners-up, Dailley Cup—W. Punshon and Son.
- Hidden Hole (high)—J. Stewart.
- Hidden Hole (low)—E. Dundas.

We all have enjoyed a successful season at golf, so let's finish up right by putting over this banquet with a

bang. Can we count on you? Tickets are available in the Time Office, also from any member of the committee. Price, 75 cents each—and well worth double the money!

## The "Eagles" Stage Final Battles

The high-flying Eagles are looking backward on the past golf season with well-justified smirks of satisfaction. It has unquestionably been one of the most successful any club ever terminated. They have strengthened many bonds of friendship and widened their vocabularies. Some of them, if we can believe all they say, have even improved their golf.



*This is on Bob Thompson's mantelpiece.*

Sunday, Sept. 25th, the final for the Club Cup (shown right, above) was played off. Bob Thompson succeeding in just overcoming the flawless form of Ernie Martin. Ernie's disappointment was greatly modified, however, by the handsome club bag that will come to him as his reward. His present sack suffers badly from stitches and groans audibly at every handling.



*Joe Chapman's polishing this one now.*

The following Sunday saw the club out in full force for the 36-hole competition for the Rowlin Cup and other prizes. After a long day's struggle, Joe Chapman of 222 was elected, with Doug. Sturgeon, well-known pill-smacker of 206, a hot runner-up. Bert McAllister took the hidden hole competition, managing to beat out Bob



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Thompson for the Cow-Pasture Pool Trophy—a silver sugar bowl, all polished up and mounted on a stand—a present to the club by Sam Fleming of 4 mail order. One of the features of the afternoon was the superhuman effort of Dick Turner in banging over the 36th hole (18th green)—a 465-yard affair—in just three nice, easy, sweetly placed wallops—two under par—which, for the benefit of the uninformed, ain't an 'Awk nor yet an 'Eron, but nothing less than a real Heagle!

The weekly prizes of a golf ball were gathered in by H. Rowlin, B. McAllister, F. Merritt, B. Thompson, T. Chapman, D. Sturgeon, S. Fleming, Ed. Martin, Ern. Martin, T. Maley, F. Woodward, B. Vine. But the following are not quite out of luck as there is still a consolation prize for them to play for, weather permitting. The competitors are: R. Turner, R. Hinch, P. Blakeman, D. Crockett, B. Bateman.

So now all that's left to look forward to is the big banquet and presentation of prizes, which these top-lofty birds will be staging some time in the latter part of November. The actual date is not set as yet, but *Contacts'* unsleeping eye is on the affair and our readers are promised fullest, juiciest details as soon as anything breaks!

## Ten-Pin Bowling

After four weeks of play in the Eaton Bowling League, Jumbo Westman's Main Floor team are well out in front with eleven wins and only one defeat. The old boys, assisted by Bill Munroe, must be teaching their hopefuls a lot of new tricks.

### LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost
Main Floor .....	11	1
Pillpounders .....	8	4
Printers .....	7	5
Third Floor .....	6	6
Groceries .....	5	7
Drugs .....	5	7
Portage .....	4	8
Eighth Floor .....	2	10

### FOULS

Jimmie Quinn of the main floor is leading all comers in the averages with 196. Jimmie is a young bowler and deserves a big hand.

Now that the Eighth Floor team have their customary 100 pins handicap, an improvement should be shown in their standing.

The Grocery team, through lack of handicap, are finding the sledding rather tough.

Earl Livingstone must have thought the turkey shoot was on October 3, as he piled up a nice 672 with handicap. Tough luck, Earl, that will make it harder at Christmas when it is to be shot.

It is noted Bob Boyce and Mose Matthews talk a good game for the Portage team, but somehow the other teams, up to the present, refuse to be talked out of games.

The Printers, after an absence of two years, are back with us again; and judging by their record of winning should be in the thick of it at the finish.

Frank Woodward's knees still wobble and make the pins dizzy.

Boxer Hole will have to pull his hat farther down over his eyes if his average doesn't soon go up.

## Eatonia Five-Pin Bowling League

The league opened its season on Sept. 20th, with Mr. Scrivener there to throw the first ball. He's a great league booster, and we always are pleased to have him with us.

This year there are 97 players, forming the usual 16 teams, with Bill Curry as president again—the right man in the right place. Hats off to Miss Pearl Harper, the only player who has played every game since the league started, seven years ago. That means 537 without missing. Some record!

The league is in two entirely separate divisions—"A" and "B"—according to strength of teams. "A" includes the Olympics, Ringers and Snappies, who were playing seven years ago and are still going strong. "B" has the Head-Pins only—which team boasts the aforementioned Pearl among players—Miss Harper. At the moment of writing, team standing is as follows:

### A DIVISION

	Won	Lost
Lucky Strikes .....	10	5
Ramblers .....	9	6
Olympics .....	9	6
Hi-Jackers .....	7	8
Snappies .....	7	8
Set-Ups .....	7	8
Ringers .....	6	9
Phorpyns .....	5	10

### B DIVISION

	Won	Lost
Tornadoes .....	10	5
Strike-Outs .....	10	5
Scraps .....	9	6
Wadlers .....	8	7
Troubadors .....	7	8
Dandies .....	6	9
Plungers .....	5	10
Head-Pins .....	5	10



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*Lucky Strikes*, have lots of lucky strikes. In fact, having lost twelve out of twelve games to them last year, the writer knows this is the only way Capt. Johnny Johnson *could* win. Then he had the nerve to challenge the team again! Say, Johnson, isn't twelve enough?

*Ramblers* is a good name for Captain Evans' team. Having been at sea and rambled all over, it is natural for them to ramble all over the alley. Still they make enough lucky strikes to keep up with the bunch.

*Olympics* are captained by Mr. Smallwood, our secretary since the league started, but resting this year. Mrs. Smallwood will tell you that with President Curry on the team no luck is needed here. They play the game, and with Jack Merrett, who learned to bowl at Campbell's Alleys, cannot help winning.

*Ringers*, with Len Ringrose and a fine aggregation of other ball players, are well up. Len says five pins is like baseball—you have to put them over the plate to get the home runs. He ought to know, as his team has been in the prize money oftener than any other.

*Snappies*, under Norman McDonald, who brought a lot of improvements from Nelson and Vancouver, where he studied the game this summer. Says we will hear from him later if he does not have too many fouls. Going duck shooting, evidently.

*Set-Ups*, under Bill Stewart. Bill tells us he is only three games behind the leaders. "What's three games?" says Bill.

*Phorphyngs*, under Bob Clark. We asked Clark why not spell it "Four Pins" and were told that Phorphyngs is the name of a town in ancient Babylon, where one of Clark's ancestors was chief of the fire brigade.

*Hi-Jackers*, with Tommy Scott, bring up the rear. Never mind, Tommy, lots of people start at the bottom and never get any higher.

Division B, with the teams in standing order, includes:

*Strike-Outs*, under Captain Harrison, a new entry this year. For this reason his team feel they must show us how good they are. So they occupy this position. Keep it up, Harrison, old scout.

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)

## The Quarter-Century Club Welcomes . . .

Mr. James A. Reid—Dept. 11 (Mail Order Staples). On September 17th, 1907, Mr. "Jimmy" Reid, of Edinburgh, Scotland, skirled into the Store and decided to become Mr. "Jimmy" Reid of Winnipeg. It was his first situation in Canada, and, as he had spent some time measuring off kilt lengths and tartans for an Inverness draper, he was placed among the yardsticks in Department 211. There he stayed for twelve years, and in 1919 was moved to his present Mail Order department.



Nowadays he is very much Mr. "Jimmy" Reid of Winnipeg, and has not revisited his native heath. He is married, has two daughters, likes his garden and his golf (used to play football with that old Main Floor team we had), and says his heart is no longer in the Hielands.

Mr. Peter Swanson—Dept. 122C (Mail Order Express). Mr. Swanson came to Canada twenty-seven years ago, and became an Eatonian two years later—on the 24th of September, 1907. His home had been near that famous spot, John O'-Groats, Caithness



—at the north-east tip of Scotland—so the chilly business of driving for Dept. 113 in mid-winter held no terrors for him. Five years later "Pete" was moved to Dept. 151 and 122-C claimed him just three years ago.

Mr. Edward C. Adams—Dept. 230 (Meats). Mr. Adams was born in England—London town itself, to be exact. On leaving school, following in his father's footsteps, he entered the provision business, felt the lure of the West in 1905, and came to Winnipeg. For a time he farmed, but on October 1st, 1907, joined the Eaton forces where, with the exception of thirty-five months in Canada's forces, he has stayed. He married while overseas, and has one son.





## What Shall I Read?

Is your appetite keen for colorful adventure in far-away places? For mystery and romance that beguile the dull hours? We've just read, with genuine delight, the latest effort of Christopher Wren—enjoyed it more, probably, than any other of the new novels appearing in such rapid succession this fall.

In *Valiant Dust*, Major Wren has given us another legionnaire tale with the same strange fascination we felt in *Beau Geste*. Its theme is the failure of a plot directed against French rule in Algeria. Napoleon Roccoli, a Corsican, dreams of himself as Emperor of the Sahara—another "Man of Destiny"—and, like the first Napoleon, reveals indefatigable energy in an effort to make his dreams come true. His activities are frustrated by a brilliant colonel of the French Secret Service, together with a stalwart Englishman, self-exiled in the Foreign Legion. Intrigue within intrigue complicates the plot, as does Moorish greed and villainy—and, no less, the presence, in a harem, of an English girl, beautiful Margaret of Yelverbury.

The author has been criticized for deviating somewhat from fact in his treatment of life in the Legion. Let that be as it may. More important—he has written a rousing yarn of danger and devotion that will keep you entertained right through to its perfect epilogue.

For Wodehouse addicts, there's another of his capers! *Hot Water* splashes along merrily as a bubbling mineral stream—a splendid "cure" for mental fatigue! The scene is Chateau de Blissac, St. Roque, France, temporarily inhabited by the wealthy, ambitious Mrs. Wellington Gedge, of California. At the moment she is intent upon acquiring for Mr. Gedge, who has practically no diplomatic leanings, the post of American Ambassador in Paris. Her plans involve one Senator Opal and the Vicomte de Blissac. Packy Franklyn enters the plot through an attachment for Jane Opal, and in his wake follow "Soup" Slattery and "Oily" Carlisle—two irresistible heist-guys from old Chicago. Prohibitionist Opal loses an



envelope containing instructions to his pet bootlegger, and then the tale becomes Wodehouse at his maddest and merriest. You'll enjoy getting deep in *Hot Water*!

Finally, there's a new book by Vash Young, who wrote *A Fortune to Share*. Thousands of people were roused to new interest in life by his first tale of courage and kindness; and his second, *Let's Start Over Again*, contains direct application of his practical and uplifting philosophy to the sticky fog of depression. While Vash Young's message is a source of inspiration for each individual, he never loses sight of his prime purpose in writing. Having read *Let's Start Over Again*, you—and you—and you will automatically tighten up your belt and take a new lease on life!

—J.M.F., 212.

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Now that it's "Closed Season" for garages, 246 sends a friendly note:

### WARNING AGAINST CARBON MONOXIDE

1. One-fifth of one per cent carbon monoxide gas in the air of your garage will produce fatal results. A four-cylinder car started in the ordinary closed private garage will produce this quantity in three minutes or less.

2. A cold engine, use of the "choke," and racing the engine will produce a fatal mixture quickly. Carbon monoxide is invisible, odorless and tasteless, therefore your ordinary senses give no warning.

3. Rescued and revived persons say they had no warning. Unconsciousness resulted as quickly and completely as if caused by a blow on the head.

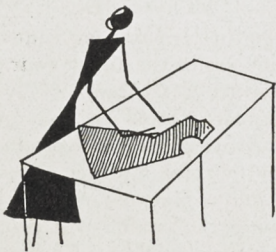
4. The remedy is simple and effective. Open all garage doors and keep them open while the engine is running.

—J.R.S.



## These Paris Dressmakers!

Autumn is a very busy time for Miss Elliott of the Import Room. She rushes home from a Paris buying trip with trunks and trunks full of exciting new frocks and such, a mind (and it's a tremendously retentive one) full of fashion news and impressions, and hardly is off the train before our Fall Openings are in full swing. She whisks up to the Receiving Room, down to the stock rooms, into fitting rooms and back to the office; but if you can persuade her to sit down for a minute and talk, she will give you real, first-hand information about Paris and the Grand Couturiers' openings. She knows her designers—she knows her fashions—she salts all that important information with shrewd, useful remarks on what new trends are most likely to "take"—and she generally is right!



The collections, especially in the manufacturing houses, were smaller this year, she said—but the designers' openings were crowded, tense, breath-taking as ever. Nowadays, it is difficult to obtain cards for them, thanks to the many style "pirates" who go to make notes and copy, but never to buy. Paris has gone so far as to legislate against them. Eaton representatives,

however, have no trouble, for Miss St. Clair of our Paris Office always is welcome in the salons, and, with Mr. Biesel, head of the same office, makes all arrangements.

This year our buyers (Miss Elliott and Miss Weaver of the Toronto Store) visited the opening showings of Patou, Chanel, Bruyere, Mag Helly and Lyolene. Time forbade enlarging on all these interesting personalities for *Contacts*, but Miss Elliott gave us these excerpts on some of them, condensed from an article in the August issue of "Fortune":

### CHANEL

"In dramatic contrast to many dressmakers is Chanel, who prefers a business-like simplicity to classic elegance any day, who never cuts materials on the bias, and who can't sew. She dominated the post-war decade because she gave it the straight-lined, well-carpentered clothes it wanted. Gabrielle Chanel came to Paris the year before the war and opened a little millinery shop in the Rue Cambon with one employee. Today she occupies practically the entire block on both sides of the street and has more people working for her (some 3000) than any other couturier."

(This season she is reviving jersey for daytime—and, strange to say, *velveteen* and *corduroy* for evening!)

### SCHIAPARELLI

"The dressmaker to whom one hears the word 'genius' applied more than to any other is Schiaparelli. The daughter of an archaeologist, she is the last word in modernism. She makes collars out of china; belts from strands of aluminum; glass rings and coils of celluloid; uses metal clasps instead of buttons.

"Schiaparelli discovered a new line which is based on the bony structure, a line that is bold and young with sharp,



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square 'military' shoulders. Her clothes are as stark, simple and stylized as her striking black-and-white modernistic home.

"Italian by birth, she lived many years in the United States. Twelve years ago she opened a modest little sweater shop in Paris, about five years ago she came into prominence, and today she is having great success here and abroad. Her entire use of materials is new, and she has an Italian prodigality of idea."

(Colors were the outstanding news in this case. . . A deep tone called "red cabbage". . . Lovely, dusty greys and purple blue.)



## BRUYERE

"Bruyere put up her own shingle just a few years ago, after an association with Lanvin of over twenty years, many of which she served as Premiere. Her clothes portray a balance of line and design that bespeaks her own fine character, and yet she adds a dash of originality that we expect from her French origin.

"Bruyere, though not so young herself, is young in the couture and designs for the young of today."

(An exceptionally wearable collection—many frocks with becoming "wrap-around" lines—stunning knit fabrics, and shades stressing greys with deep or bright accents.)

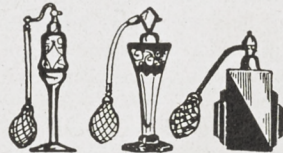
## PATOU

"Big, rugged, sunburned, homely of features, Jean Patou looks more like an officer of the Canoe Club of France, which he is, than a couturier, which he also is. He is the great gambler and showman.

"'We are living in a kingdom of luxury,' he shrewdly tells his fellow couturiers. 'Let us stay there!' Every season he launches a new shade—a Patou Red, a Patou Green, a Patou Blue. His competitors regard the notion dubiously, but it is successful. So is Patou, a Parisian with a perfect grasp of the present."

. . . . .

Patou's, Miss Elliott says, was the most exciting premiere. No beaten paths for this maestro of style—every season he launches new lines, as well as his inevitable new shade. Just now the color is "Mediaeval Brown" to stress the mediaeval waistline he is sponsoring—marked 'way below the rib-fitting ones other designers favor. Everybody sat mouse-still in his salon this year, fairly on tenterhooks till the first mannequins entered the room. Then murmurs broke through the silence and cigarette fog—louder and louder in astonishment at seeing belts placed low again. Miss Elliott gave no definite opinion on the subject—but she went so far as to say that, as this couturier already has persuaded us to lengthen our skirts and boost our waistlines (both much against our will), we had better keep an eye on this surprising new idea. Incidentally, she brought home an exquisite Patou original called "Amoroso." It is an evening gown in Mediaeval brown and tea rose colored satin—low waisted, and had a conspicuous place in our opening windows.



## NOTE FROM THE PERFUME COUNTER

By any other name, a rose  
Would equally affect the nose  
With fragrance very nice.  
But *parfums* rose are not the same—  
They vary with their maker's name—  
Especially in price!



## Departmental Ditties

### 205—*Random Notes From The Bunny Hutch*—

The summer's gone a-scooting,  
Wherever summers go,  
And winter comes a-hootin',  
And soon we will have snow.

—Walt Mason

Well, here we are looking into the face of another fall and winter, with summer holidays, golfing, fishing, tennis, canoeing, corn and weiner roasts all things of memory, while snowshoeing, skating and tally-ho's loom as possibilities of the near future. The passing of summer has some advantages, for one thing we do not have to listen to Messrs. Williams', Turner's and Millar's bragging of their prowess with the golf club, or explaining how they just missed winning that game, and we do not have to contend with sunburns and mosquito bites, and we can at least keep cool and still comply with store regulations as far as having enough clothing on is concerned.

Since our last appearance in print, many things have happened and there are rumors of great impending events. Miss Bragg is back with us again after a long absence, and has taken over the operation of the outpost on the second floor. Miss Grant, who formerly held this position, has moved to 236 Workroom, where she reports being exceedingly happy. All but a few stragglers are back from their holidays and those who are not are expected in the very near future. Mr. Millar has returned from his belated holiday and duck (?) hunting, but at the time of going to press none of us have been invited to duck dinners. We *did* hear that space had been reserved in a local cold storage plant for the results of his hunting, but, if our information is correct, he has been endeavoring to sublet this space, with very little success. Apparently he can miss a duck just as easily as he misses a golf ball.

The really big news of the moment which has just broken is that two of our fair ladies intend leaving in the not

too distant future to prove for themselves whether the old saying that "two can live cheaply as one" is really true or not. Miss May Froom will continue to live in Winnipeg after taking on additional worries, but Miss Mary Ann Martin does not intend to have us giving her advice after she leaves, and is taking *her* cares to Vancouver. The whole staff joins in offering these two young ladies our very best wishes and heartiest congratulations, and all assure them that we will certainly miss them both very much indeed.

Perhaps you have heard that there is another competition under way. At time of going to press the awards for the first week have not been made, but quite a number of the personnel of the staff are striving strenuously to land some of the prizes. We hear Ruby complain that there should be some handicap on persons who are blessed with an exceptional length of limb and reach, as it is not fair to those of smaller stature.

Department 236 have given fair warning that they intend to scupper our ship and cop first place, but we are from Missouri. Now we must close and make some more sales or our quota for today just won't be, that's all.

—"Bunny Rabbit"

### 207—

Have you heard our latest "irate customer" story? It appears that she wanted Thursday Bargains switched to Wednesdays, when it is more convenient for her to shop. And the salesgirl, by way of smoothing things out, tried to explain—"I'm *awfully* sorry, but we *couldn't* do that. You see, then they wouldn't be Thursday Bargains!"

And, while we're asking questions, can anybody tell us:

1. What attraction there is for Miss Bartlett under the clock during the 11.30 lunch hour?

2. What Hilda Lauderdale has for lunch?



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3. Why Inge Carstens had a sudden change of heart?

4. Why Z. Angelone believes so strongly in "neverlasting love"?

5. Who takes the broom from the Silk Hose counter—and who takes the dust-bin from Ladies' Gloves?

220—

Congratulations to Mr. G. E. Lang (formerly of this department, but now of the Regina Store), whose marriage to Miss Winnie Ruxton, of Winnipeg, took place September 17th, in Elim Chapel.

Hail the mighty hunter, "Gib" West, who returned from his holiday shooting with ONE (count 'em) duck. And—is it a sleuth or a marathon runner we have with us these days? Quick, Watson.

236—

"Ouch! Mind my back!" Well, the last suntanned back is all healed and vacations are just pleasant memories, to be looked back on as a delightful period of relaxation and well-earned rest (yes, *well earned*)! There are no slouchers in 236. And now, fresh from the invigorating holidays we so thoroughly enjoyed, we are ready to barge ahead in the forthcoming race. Sure, competitions are tiring, but the entire staff proved able to pile up bigger and better records. Of course we have *some* mark to shoot at this year, but let's go—and may the best crew win!

The staff said "Good-bye and bon-voyage" to Miss Long, who has been with us twenty years. Our best wishes follow the Long sisters to the shores of Merrie England, where, we understand, they intend to reside in Torquay. We shall miss her greatly and should Miss Long see these lines (we think she will), we add, "Good luck and the very, very best for you."

A shower was held at the home of Miss Grace Fox in honor of Miss Grace Smeeton, who left us on Saturday, Sept. 17th, to be married to Mr. John Dewitt.

The following week a shower was held at the home of Miss Edna Adderly, in honor of Miss Margaret Harrow, who left us on Saturday, Sept. 24th, to be married to Mr. Harold Horne.

Our best wishes to you both!

Miss Peggy Ripley left to spend her holidays in Toronto. To our surprise, she has decided to make her home there, leaving behind many friends who wish her every success.

To Miss Jeffrey, who is on a month's leave, we send a cargo of good wishes. We hope to see you come back, Edna, full of the old pep.

The sight of a breathless young lady, steering a somewhat erratic course through the second floor circles, while pushing an even more breathless lady in a wheel chair, electrified the Fancy Goods staff. We know she made the elevators all right, but after that—well we can only hope that the seventh floor proved an easier sea to navigate. Talk about free-wheeling! Anyone needing first-aid, apply Miss Lay of this department.

We have just received word of the bowling tournament which took place in Elm Park. It proved to be a close game up to the very last minute, when the mail order team, consisting of Messrs. Farquhar, Caudwell, Gilmore and Wilson won over the store team consisting of Messrs. Shaw, Williams, Aker and Wharton. What a game!

Note:—Is our old friend, "Wally" Williams, better at baseball than bowling? He sure has a mighty arm!

238—

On Thursday, September 29th, this Department held a "weenie roast" specially to give *Contacts* some news. After due thought, a spot near the Agricultural College was chosen, and there they went. Two carloads arrived between 7.30 and 8 p.m. (the hour agreed upon), but the other two, for unknown reasons, failed to turn up till 9.30. By that time everyone was hungry, especially the "Colonel," so they all dug into "red-hots," "sinkers" and coffee—not to mention dills and



marshmallows—with a will. Then everybody ranged comfortably (?) round the fire and sang—at least it was supposed to be singing—but let that pass.

At 11.45 it was decided to call it a night and depart. Three cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, and Mr. Wilson. The last remark heard as the cars pulled out, appropriately, was "Hot Dawg!"

And now we would like to know, among other things—where "Watta Dog" Chamberlain got his cooking technique, and why he insisted on escorting the eatables to camp—where the extra doughnuts went—and if Bee meant what she said about diets?

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252—

A popular member of our staff, Miss Florence Clegg, sailed for England per S.S. Duchess of Athol, on Sept. 23rd. Our "Cleggie" has decided the homeland is her best bet for the "final step"; her marriage to Mr. Thomas Greenwood being arranged for early October. After six years with Dept. 252, preceded by three years under Mr. Jefferies in Dept. 219, she will be greatly missed.

A delightfully arranged farewell party was given in her honor at the home of Miss Miriam McKinnon, 867 Broadway, her friends and fellow associates in Dept. 262 attending in full number. The bride-to-be was presented with rose satin down comforter.

Our regrets go out to Mrs. M. Pater-son, who had the misfortune to get a nasty fall on the Ninth Floor staircase. We sincerely hope she will soon be with us again. (Moral: Watch your step.)

Welcome home, Sandy and Jean. We are real glad to have you back with us again.

Congratulations to Shorty, Bee, Johnny and Mac. Keep up the good work.

Our sincerest sympathy to Miss Tuttle at the loss of her brother.

259—

One of the first notes that rolled in for the issue's "Ditties" came from G. A. Teal, our correspondent in this department, and here it is:

"Showers were held for two young ladies of this department who left us to become brides. One on Sept. 15th, by Miss M. Boatwright, 855 Nassau St., in honor of Miss A. Harford, and the other by Miss B. Clarke at the home of Mrs. R. I. Cooke in honor of Miss M. Mayor. On both occasions a large gathering was present, and all joined in making the evenings very happy events. The future brides were the recipients of many lovely and useful gifts from their friends."

Imagine our surprise on going to him for more notes on October 14th and finding that 259 had had another great occasion. This time the guest of honor was none other than the aforesaid Mr. Teal, who left on October 13th to join the staff of our Edmonton Groceteria. His co-workers, on the eve of his departure, made an informal presentation of a fine leather club bag, and *Contacts* joins them in good wishes for his success and happiness in the West.

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268—

We are glad to report that Grace White and Stella Bailey are both on the way to a complete recovery. Grace is convalescing at home and Stella is able to sit up and receive visitors, though still confined in the hospital at St. Boniface.

Ah ha! The one who knows all! Sees all! And *tells* all! At least we have one member of our staff who evidently believes there is more than tea leaves in a cup! Congratulations, May, and don't spend it all in one shop.

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116—161—177

Well, well, things are looking a bit brighter for us in 116, 161, 177! Ever since the long week-end we've all been hopping our heads off to get through the mail which has been piling in!



Cheers and more of them! Things certainly look more optimistic than they have for some time! One wonders what we should attribute it all to—cold weather—crops in—a general feeling that old man Good Times is really going to make his belated appearance after all—or what? Anyhow—it's most welcome—reason or no. It's more like old times to hear those lil' machines tap, tapping away and see gals abustlin' up and down aisles, as busy as a hen with her first brood! In fact we've all been so occupied that one finds oneself at a loss for the odd bit of "———" to spill!

We heard from Mrs. Day that hair-cuts were to be close to the head and extremely neat for this season. We also know of one young lady who has threatened so long to get that much-needed neck trim and general hair-cut that if she doesn't soon do it I'm afraid the departments will have to "dub in" and buy some ribbons to tie the braids with. Come on there—loosen up and blow 35 cents, gal! You've got us all nervous!

No changes and no news! How's a poor fella supposed to get tit-bits of news for this smart magazine when none of you will give us a break and *do* something.

One wonders just how many ducks were shot on that hunting trip, Mr. —, or did the warden catch you and seize part of the haul? I'll bet it was great fun, anyway!

One came across an amusing thing in one of the shopper letters the other day. The customer had at the bottom of her letter:

"P.S.—Please." One wonders—please what—or why—or maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it. —B.B.

## Here and There—

Almost endless comings and goings—on these days! Miss Elliott, Mr. Hopps, Mr. Forster back from lands afar. . . . Mr. Wildman of the Edmonton store, Mr. Collins of Calgary, Mr. Lang of Regina, Mr. Rhoden of Saskatoon, Mr. Palmer of Calgary, and Mr. Anthony of Port Arthur welcomed among us for

what Less Mutch insists is a squint at the competition. . . Mrs. Pickwell of 219 back after a prolonged illness and everybody delighted to see her. . . . Doris Russell of 280 off to the Old Country for three months, very much surrounded by rumors of "the lad I left behind me." . . Mrs. Day here for a whirling week of Fashion Show excitement and 210 still purring over her nice remarks. . . Mr. Awrey away on his first European buying trip, and enjoying it hugely. . . . Many mighty hunters invading the fields and marshes in search of duck, chicken, partridge and geese. . . Much hunting and not so much shooting, although Mr. "Pants" McLean (there's that *House Flag* getting us again) avers Mr. John David Eaton's unerring aim brought down two birds with one shot.

272, 218 and 277 gave Ina McEwen a grand party entirely when she left us to become Mrs. Jim Carpenter. Mr. Bradshaw's speech, in presenting the lady with an electric toaster and iron, was the occasion's high note and a model for all speechmakers, taking, as it did, thirty seconds flat. . . . 211 waved a sad goodbye to Myrtle Brown when, after six years with the department, she decided in favor of a change of name. She has been Mrs. Haycock since October 15th. . . . 248 reports that "Old Man Viking's" boy, Dale Stewart, is indisposed—and measles, of all things, are the cause. . . "Hammie" Hamilton of 138 is all puffed up over his Irish terrier purp, who galloped off with first prize in his section at a recent show. . . . Dorothy Bowery of 236 workroom is still in hospital, but improving steadily since her accident.

The Commercial Girls packed 'em into the Annex on October 15th. Success was the keynote from start to finish, and the club swelled funds for their deserving cause by \$2,300.00—which just shows what the girls can do when they roll up their sleeves and go at it.

We've missed, no doubt, dozens of important happenings for this issue—but excuse please. Our eye is getting more and more practiced—not to mention our ear, and it won't happen again.



# CONTACTS

## EATONIA FIVE-PIN BOWLING LEAGUE

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

*Tornadoes*, under Capt. George Johnson. Tornado is a mighty good name for this team, as that is the way they go. George says he will finish away up this year, at least no lower than eighth place, and being Irish, thinks he knows what he is talking about.

*Scraps*, under Capt. Montford, were formerly called the Printers. Like all printers, a great bunch and playing from the time the bell rings till the end. You won't find this team at the bottom of the league.

*Troubadors*, with George Latimer as musical director, are certainly playing. If you don't believe me, ask George to tell you about his triumph on October 11th.

*Wadlers*, with Dave Mackie, come from the Advertising Dept. They have a great time bowling and get plenty of enjoyment out of the game.

*Dandies*, Freddie Game's aggregation. Freddie and Foster, along with Bill Marples, all seem fond of the ladies. Why not three girls, boys, and why the extra one?

*Plungers*, with Capt. Liver, are a coming bunch. Just now they are going down, down—but we look for great things from you, Liver, old scout.

*Head-Pins*, Patton at the helm, are down at the bottom. Well, all sailors go to Davy Jones' locker. Bill says he needs that game he dreamed about in last year's *Contacts*.

Before closing, we wish to tell the ladies that a luncheon pass, donated by a Winnipeg restaurant, will be given each week for the highest individual score, plus handicap. Miss G. Watson won it for the week of Oct. 11th.

## EATON GIRLS' BASKETBALL LEAGUE

(Continued from Page Eleven)

### SECOND SERIES

- Jan. 9, 8.30 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Rogues.  
9.15 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Orioles.
- Jan. 16, 8.30 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Ramblers.  
9.15 p.m.—Rogues vs. Orioles.
- Jan. 23, 8.30 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Rogues.  
9.15 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Orioles.
- Jan. 30, 8.30 p.m.—Orioles vs. Ramblers.  
9.15 p.m.—Rogues vs. Summerettes.
- Feb. 6, 8.30 p.m.—Orioles vs. Rogues.  
9.15 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Summerettes.
- Feb. 13, 8.30 p.m.—Orioles vs. Summerettes.  
9.15 p.m.—Rogues vs. Ramblers.
- Feb. 20, 8.30 p.m.—Summerettes vs. Rogues.  
9.15 p.m.—Orioles vs. Ramblers.
- Feb. 27, 8.30 p.m.—Ramblers vs. Summerettes.  
9.15 p.m.—Rogues vs. Orioles.
- Mar. 3—Open date. Sudden death play-offs if necessary.
- Mar. 10, 13, 17—Final play-offs. All finals start at 8.30 p.m.

Twenty-Four



Joseph Alexander Wood

Once more it is the sad duty of *Contacts* to mark the passing of an employee with a long and honorable service record.

Mr. "Joe" Wood, who died on October 13th, leaves a host of friends and associates to mourn his passing.

Born in Mullawinney, Fintona, County Tyrone, he joined Eaton's in 1906, being employed at the Stanley Street warehouse. He was moved to department 132 and at the time of his death was with 109, in charge of stockrooms, and a familiar figure to everyone on the eighth floor.

He leaves to mourn him a widow and sister to whom we extend the sincere sympathy of the Company and staff.

## QUESTIONNAIRE ANSWERS

- Fish Food—China Section, Third Floor.
- Dressing Gown Cords—Fancy Goods Section, Second Floor.
- Glass Flowers—Millinery Section, Second Floor.
- Girl Guide Equipment—Girls' Dress Section, Fifth Floor.
- Wolf Cub Equipment—Sporting Goods Section, Third Floor.
- Beeswax—Notions Section, Main Floor.
- Stamps for Stamp Collections—Stationery Section, Main Floor.
- Sweeping Compound—Soap Counter, Main Floor.